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The Echo

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SAN FRANCISCO,

CAL.

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"You may fool all the people some of the time,
And some of the people all the time,
But you can't fool all the people all the time.

Abraham Lincoln.



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Agents

THE ECHO.

VOL. I

S. F., CAL., SEPT. 17, 1894.

No. 9

A BITTER TEMPTATION.—Continued.

BY W. J. HENDERSON.

That year Mumford won by two lengths; and the following year they won by a length; and the next year they had only half a length to spare.

This year the Mumford collegians were in a bad state of mind. All kinds of rumors had been afloat as to the manner in which the Biddlevilles had been training for the race. The most disturbing one was that a mysterious stranger, a big man with a dark mustache, had been seen steering the Biddleville shell and coaching the crew; and it was whispered that he was no less a personage than the stroke of the Oxford University eight, who was visiting America, and had friends in Biddleville. Perhaps the Mumfords would have been more uneasy than ever if they had known who it really was. It was simply the great "Boat" Cook

the coach of the Yale University crew, who had come down to oblige his young friend, the Biddleville boy, who was now in the Yale Law School, in the waist of the "varsity shell. You see, the rival schools closed late, and their annual race took place a week later than the Yale-Harvard race, so Mr. Cook could be there without difficulty.

The Mumford crew arrived at Biddleville the day before the race, and in the evening Charlie Wentworth, coxswain of the collegians, stood on the riverbank in front of their quarters in deep meditation. He had a feeling, which he could not drive away, that the Biddleville boys were going to win this year, and he was searching his brain for some expedient by which this might at the last moment be prevented. But think as he might,

he could not see any way out of it.

"If they can row faster than we can," he said to himself, "they will beat us, unless I see a chance to take an advantage of them in the course of the race, and I mean to keep my wits about me."

The day upon which the race was to take place proved to be clear and warm, with a gentle westerly breeze which would not ruffle the water. The town was in a great flutter bunting, and the streets teemed with gayly costumed ladies. A big four-horse coach, bearing a jolly party of Mumford boys, rattled down High Street to an accompaniment of mellow horn calls and shrill cheers from the boys. The Mumford colors, purple and white, streamed from the coach, and whenever a lady was seen wearing those colors she was cheered. But of course the Biddleville colors, yellow and blue, were seen everywhere, and Biddleville boys paraded the streets in shoals, cheering, and singing,

"Here's to good old Bid,
For of Mumford she'll get rid;
Drink her down."

The race was set down for five o'clock, and at that hour the

whole population went down to the river. The course was a mile and a half long, and was almost straight, while the banks of the river rose twenty feet or so above the water, thus making it possible for spectators near the finish to see the race from beginning to end with good glasses.

"They look mighty strong in the waist of the boat," said Charlie Wentworth.

He was talking to Harvey Storrs, stroke of the Mumford four, as the Biddleville shell slid by under easy swing, going up to the starting-point.

"They pull in stunning form," said Cyril Black, No. 3.

"Yes, but it's easy to do that when you're going slowly," answered Storrs.

"Well, it warms a fellow's heart to hear you talk," said Black. "I don't believe you would want to hang yourself if we were beaten."

"I don't think I should," said Harvey; "but at the same time I mean to do all I can to prevent them from beating us."

"They shall not beat us!" exclaimed Charlie Wentworth passionately.

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THE ECHO.

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EDITOR'S COLUMN.

Although times are hard, and money scarce, we take just pride in saying that our little paper has never been in a more flourishing state, (we mean financially) than at the present time. We are compelled in this issue to publish twelve pages, in order to do justice to our subscribers and to our advertisers at the same time. It has been our misfortune (?) to have had to reject

several good advertisements, through lack of space. This goes to show that with business at stagnation, there are still some merchants who have energy and spunk enough to tide over the financial difficulty, by advertising their business to let the world know that they still are among the living, and always ready to serve their customers.

All persons desiring to gain renown as writers, poets, or pen-wielders in any way may do so by sending their efforts to this office. If satisfactory to the "high Muckamuck" (our editor in chief) they will be published as we receive them.

The Midwinter Fair is now a thing of the past. Desolation reigns supreme upon the once merry scene. The famous Midway Plaisance where the fakers and spiellers were in their glory, is now a mere pile of timber and staff. And the large main buildings are being carted away.

It seems a pity that it could not always have been. But all good things must come to an end, and so with our Midwinter Fair. May it long remain with us as a pleasant dream, that has vanished in the darkness.

For The Echo.

THE VOLCANO OF KILEAUA.

BY the last mail from Honolulu, through the kindness of a friend, we received the following description of the Volcano of Kileaua, and the Lake of Fire. Undoubtedly it will interest our readers.

The volcano is situated on the island of Hawaii, 250 miles from Honolulu. From Hilo it is a stage ride of thirty-two miles to the volcano, through a dense tropical forest. Both sides of the road are lined with ferns from fifteen to thirty feet high; they grow on trees.

About a half a mile before approaching the hotel, hot steam and sulphurous vapors were seen issuing from the earth on both sides of the road. One does not see the volcano until right at the hotel 4040 feet above the sea.

The hotel is situated right on the brink of the crater and is in plain view of the lake.

There is a descent of about eight hundred feet from the veranda of the hotel, into the crater,

which is eight miles in circumference.

The Lake of Fire is three and one half miles distant. On horseback, with our guide, we rode down the steep trail about one mile, until we reached the floor of the crater and came upon lava. Then we followed along a comparatively smooth trail over the lava bed until within half a mile of the lake, where we tied our horses and proceeded on foot.

In a few moments we could feel the lava grow warmer as we proceeded. There was no lagging behind in slow walking we were obliged to go on rather lively to keep the soles of our shoes from burning.

We walked in single file following the guide who touched each piece of lava with his stick before placing his foot upon it, and we were careful to do likewise. In many places, we placed our walking sticks between cracks in the lava and burned them, and this was one half a mile from the lake itself.

When one realizes that the lava on which he stands is but two inches thick, and beneath that is

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"Then the Mumford crew took their places in thier boat, and paddled slowly up to the start. The Biddleville boys were resting on their oars and sucking lemons. Frank Brownell, the stroke oar, turned his head, and said:

"Now, boys, don't let anything get you rattled, and I believe we'll win this race. What ever happens, even if the river turns up side down, keep your eyes in the boat, keep time, got your legs and back into every stroke, and don't stop rowing.

"That's the talk, Frank," said George Waters, the coxswain. "If we don't beat those fellows this year, it will be because we don't attend strictly to business. We have the muscle and we have the stroke. All we've got to do is to pull hard and steer straight. You fellows attend to the pulling, and I'll guarantee that the rudder does not interfere with you."

"Here they are," said Brownell. "They're a wiry set, but I believe we are too heavy for them."

"And if we beat them," chimed in Phil Terry, No. 3, "this town will not be big enough to hold us."

"Eyes in the boat," said Waters. "Here's the referees launch. Keep quiet now, boys, and listen to orders."

The water is smooth, and it did not take the referee long to get the crews into position. It seemed only a second before the pistol cracked, and the eight strong backs swung forward. Mumford had the start, Biddleville's first two or three strokes being ragged.

To be continued.

THE DAYS OF THE WEEK.

- Sunday—Day of the Sun.
- Monday—Day of the Moon.
- Tuesday—God of war.
- Wednesday—God of storms.
- Thursday—God of thunder.
- Friday—Goddess of marriage.
- Saturday—God of time.

The names of the seven days of the week originated with the Egyptian astronomers. They gave them the names the Sun Moon and five planets, viz: Mars Mercury, Jupiter, Venus and Saturn. The Chinese and Thibetans have a week of five days, named after iron, wood, water feathers and earth.

The Echo.

Continued from page 4.

eternal fire, he does not feel like standing too long in any one place.

Before going further, I must tell you that the Lake of Fire dropped down 200 feet about six weeks ago, and the walls continually falling in, make it difficult and very dangerous to approach the brink.

We finally reached a safe place about five in the afternoon and stayed until nine in the evening thus seeing it by day and by night.

It is useless for me to attempt to describe this, the most wonderful of Nature's phenomena.

The Lake of Fire covers an area of about twelve acres. But in that little space is all that I ever care to see.

It was a grand and wonderfully terrible sight. It has a strange, peculiar fascination that one can hardly tear himself away.

It was like an ocean of water in a storm, with the waves of molten lava dashing on the sides of the pit. A huge boulder fell in while we were present and joined a sort of island, over which the lava washed, like over

a ship at sea.

There was a steady current, the lava actually flowing in one direction, where to, God knows. There were innumerable fountains, some fifty feet high, splashing as the surf, and the roar was as if breakers were breaking on a rough sea coast.

In fact one could close his eyes and imagine himself at some seaside, but for the heat and that infernal sulphurous smoke.

I went down twice, and all I can say of it is; place Yosemite Valley, Alaska, Niagara Falls together, and they will not compare with this wonderful volcano.

CONUNDRUMS.

Why is a violent man under arrest like the Monday's wash?

He must be ironed.

What kind of cards are most used on Arbor Day?

Spades.

What is the difference between the century plant and Arbor Day?

One is a day of many plants and the other a plant of many days.

PRESS NOTES.

The following exchanges came to hand: The Newsboy, Herald Bee, Monthly Visitor and The Fun.

After a vacation of several weeks, The Fun has made its re-appearance. Although a great improvement on former issues, still there is plenty room for more.

The Bee was received in its usual neat style. We find our name again not mentioned among the exchanges. How about it Mr. Faucompre?

We hear that The Lillipatian will henceforth appear as a monthly. We anxiously await its appearance.

We will exchange with all amateur publications.

Where are all our exchanges?

Perhaps at the dead letter office.

HOW TO MAKE A WATER FILTER

Take a deep flower pot and put a compressed sponge in the bottom. Over the sponge put a layer of pebbles an inch thick; next an inch of course sand; next a layer of charcoal; and at

the top another layer of pebbles. The water will filter pure and clean through the aperture into another vessel, however impure previously.

A Small Boy's Composition on the Horse

The horse is an animal like the elephant only different. He don't carry any trunk but he has ears like my rabbit. My Ma says its awful cruel to cut horse's tails 'cause she says, "What nature put together, let no man cut apart," or something like that. I suppose they say man because its only men who cut off their tails.

They have nails like a cow only a cow has two nails and a horse has only one. The horse is tall and some are about 17 feet 2 inches high and some are only 2 feet 17 inches high.

The horse nails seem to be made out of the same stuff that an elephant's skin. Some horses are real, like other people because they grow pompedoors. I don't know if I spelled that right or not, and so n always black their nails, like we black our shoes.

Mr. Jones's horse is a very wonderful animal because he said he kicked thunder out of his boy Frank, and a horse that can kick thunder out of anything must be like Franklin who saw electricity in his latch-key.

J. J.

His Contribution.

A certain teacher, whose work brings her into the midst of a very crowded city region, is always anxious to keep track of contagious diseases there and asked her pupils to bring her word whenever they see a placard in a window announcing scarlet fever, small pox, or the like.

One day a little Italian boy, who does not yet "spik Inglis" very well, put up his hand to indicate that he had seen such a sign.

"What did it say?" asked the teacher, encouragingly.

Slowly and painfully came the answer, but it was delivered with much pride:

"It—say, 'To-let.'"

Young women who ride bicycles may be spoken of as "Daughters of the Revolution."

Friend—What a perfectly lovely dress you wore last evening—very latest Parisian style, too; only received two days ago. Your dress makers must be wonderful quick. Where did you get it made?

Miss Bangupp—My grandmother found it in my great-grandmother's old trunk.

A 4-year-old boy was blubering lastly on the street yesterday. Some kind-hearted stranger had tried to soothe him with a stick of candy, and his face was besmeared with sticky tears and dirt.

"Well, what's the matter with you?" asked the officer on the beat. "Are you lost?"

N-n-no, sir," the boy sobbed. I've mislaid my papa.

"Say, Mike, why'don't you buy a bicycle?"

"Bekas if I want ter walk I'll walk standing up."

Tramp—Madam, I was not always thus.

Madam—No. It was your other arm you had in a sling this morning.

Our Editorial Rooms are now connected with the outside world by telegraph.

JOKELETS.

Ferguson You don't look like a man who has just said good-night to his adored- Perhaps the old man came to the door in time to see you off?

Hankinson He came to the door, blame him, in time to saw me off!

"I hear your son has become an actor; how is he getting on?"

"Very well, indeed. He began as a corpse, and now he has already advanced to the role of a ghost.

"It is strange what a time we have with coo's, dear," said Mr Innis. "Dawson was telling me to-day that they had theirs for ten years."

"Yes, dear; and did he tell you who she was?"

"No. Who?"

"His wife."

A young woman was trading in a stationer's shop, and the elderly proprietor suddenly asked:

"And when does the wedding take place?"

"The wedding? Why, you don't think—" the fair customer blushed and hesitated.

"Ah, miss, when young ladies

buy a hundred sheets of paper and only twenty-five envelopes. I know there is something in the wind"

"How savagely that cow looks at me," said a young woman—a summer boarder—to a farmer.

"It's your red parasol, ma'am," he answered.

"Dear me!" said the maiden. "I knew it was a little out of fashion, but I didn't suppose a country cow would notice it."

The person who is inclined to boast of his valuable possessions is likely to have the laugh turned upon him, on occasion. A wealthy man was once exhibiting proudly to some acquaintances a table which he had bought, and which, he said, was five hundred years old.

"That is nothing," said one of the company. "I have in my possession a table which is over three thousand years old."

"Three thousand years old," said his host. "That is impossible. Where was it made?"

"Probably in India"

"In India? What kind of a table is it?"

"The multiplication table."

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